

And Only You by MischiefManaged97

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Summary:

Billy decides to add to Steve's collection.

And Only You

Billy was nervous, almost vibrating in his seat. He'd gone out of his way today to buy Steve a gift. It wasn't a conventional gift, but he thought Steve might like it. Hawkins was in the middle of nowhere, and had absolutely nowhere to buy sex toys. When Billy lived in Cali, he lived within walking distance of two stores. It made getting lube very easy, but in Hawkins... they had to all be prudes.

Billy drove all the way to Indianapolis to find a sex store, and he was happy he did. The store was called Ambiance. Billy was a little embarrassed walking in, although he would never show it. Billy felt a little better when he realized the man at the counter was gay too, he had a rainbow shirt that said "Love is Love" scrawled across the front. Billy went to the back wall, and looked at all the potential toys he could get Steve, but wasn't sure which one would feel the best. He wanted to get Steve something nice.

Billy was still looking, unsure of himself, when the man behind the counter came up to him.

"Looking for something specific?" The man asked. Billy looked at him, feeling a blush betray his face. The man's name was Mark.

"I, uh, I'm looking for something." Billy said, clearing his throat, "For my boyfriend."

"Oh, sweetheart. You're in the wrong section." Mark said, smiling at Billy and waving him over to another part of the store. Billy felt relieved to have Mark's help.

"Alright, so what are you looking for?" Mark said, stopping in front of a wall of male sex toys. Billy looked at everything, completely at a loss for words.

"I don't really know, if I'm being honest. My boyfriend—Steve—he's still a virgin. He bought himself a plug, and a dildo to surprise me, but I can tell he doesn't really like it yet. He gets sore easily. I thought I'd come look, and see what I could find." Billy said, and Mark was nodding.

“Alright, yeah. It’s not uncommon to not like dildos if you’re new at it, especially if you don’t know what feels good. He’ll learn in time. But, I think you’re either looking for a prostate stimulator, or a regular vibrator.” Mark told Billy, pulling the boxes off the wall. “With this prostate stimulator, it’s remote controlled, so you could hold the remote or he could. It’s an easy fit, it slides right in with a little prep.” Billy looked at the toy, and could picture Steve loving that.

“Then you also have your run of the mill vibrator, it could do the same job, but it’s not curved or meant specifically for the prostate. It’s more of a unisex toy. You could also use it other places, if he’s sensitive anywhere else.” Mark continued. Billy looked at both the toys, and then the prices. The prostate stimulator was a little more expensive, but he felt like Steve would like it more.

“I think I’ll go with this one,” Billy said holding up the box. Mark took the vibrator, and put it back on the wall. Billy followed Mark to the check out counter, and put the box up.

“Do you need anything else?” Mark asked, and Billy shrugged. He really wasn’t sure what Steve might like, because Steve was a mystery to him sometimes. Billy didn’t want to hurt Steve, and wanted to make sure everything they tried, Steve was going to like. He liked having another person’s opinion.

“Do you suggest anything?” Billy asked him, not knowing what else he could get.

“Maybe some lube if you don’t have any?” Mark said, “We have warming lube, it usually feels a lot better for someone’s first time.”

“Alright, yeah. I’ll take that.” Billy said, and paid for his items. “Thanks.”

“No problem, come back soon.” Mark said, flashing a smile. Billy awkwardly waved, and walked to his car. He placed the bag on his passenger seat, and settled in for a long ride. He just hoped Steve was home when he got back.

Billy parked his car a block away from Steve's house, and clutched the steering wheel. He really wanted to walk up to Steve's house, all confident, and give Steve his present. He wasn't confident though. He may exude confidence, and he used to be full of it. In Cali, he was so sure of himself, he didn't care what anyone else thought. He let people know he was gay, and he was proud of it. That was then, and it changed when his father found out.

The following two weeks consisted of some of the worst beatings Billy had ever experienced. Billy was scared to walk into the kitchen. To get food, to get water. He was too scared to move, to even let his father know he was in the house. Billy spent his time hiding in his closet, muffling his sobs with hand-me-down clothes. His hands didn't stop shaking for weeks after the beatings stopped. His father had beat the confidence out of him, his father beat the life out of him, and for a while, his father beat the love out of him. He didn't allow himself to love anyone for years after.

Steve was different. Steve sparked feelings in him that terrified him to his very core. He wanted so badly to get close to Steve, to get to know him, but the idea of his father finding out scared him beyond reason. It made Billy hate Steve. He hated Steve for making those feelings come out in him again. He had hidden them so well, for years. Steve made the feelings bubble up, and Billy was terrified.

It came to a peak at the Byers house. Billy lost control, so scared, and hurting. He was so angry. He took it out on Steve. It took Billy nearly a week to show up to school, and the beating his father had given him didn't help. His father had given him a limp, and Billy was pretty sure he had a fractured forearm, but was too scared to ask for help.

Steve hadn't held the fight against him. That was what broke Billy. He had planned on keeping Steve after Basketball practice, and apologizing. When he did, Steve accidentally knocked into Billy's bad arm. Billy couldn't help but wince. Billy remembered watching Steve's eyes go down to his swollen arm, and those beautiful eyes looking back into his. Steve had cupped his elbow, and gently held his wrist to examine Billy's arm.

"I didn't do this," Steve had whispered, a look of pain on his face.

“No,” Billy said, “You didn’t.” Billy tried to pull away. Steve stopped him, and held onto Billy’s shirt. Billy wanted to leave, because he felt the tears that threatened to fall. He didn’t want to break down in front of Steve.

“Let me help,” Steve had whispered, somehow Steve knew everything, yet nothing at all. He just knew Billy was hurt, and needed someone. Billy caved. Steve brought him to an emergency room, and they had put a splint on his arm. It wasn’t broken, but it was fractured. Steve had paid for everything, and Billy was too tired to feel bad about it. Billy stayed at Steve’s for nearly a week after the emergency room, too scared to go home. It wasn’t until Max showed up, and told him that Neil had gone on a business trip that he dared go home.

It took Billy a couple months admit to Steve that he had feelings for him. It took a few more months to get to where they are now. Billy loved Steve. He loved him more than anything. If it hadn’t been for Steve, Billy knows Hawkins, Indiana would have killed him.

Billy took a deep breathe, grabbed the bag, and got out of the car. Billy always locked his car. It was a habit he picked up in Cali. It took his car getting broken into once, and the Camaro hasn’t been unlocked since. Even if Hawkins was the safest place he ever lived.

Billy trudged through backyards to get to Steve’s, and walked the wood line to get to the back of Steve’s house. Steve hated that Billy walked so close to the woods, and begged him not to get too close. Billy never listened, he wasn’t afraid of the dark.

Billy checked the front of the house, making sure Steve’s parents weren’t home. All he saw was the Beamer, so he walked around to the front door. Billy only paused for a moment before he knocked. He heard shuffling, and finally saw Steve’s slim shadow at the door. Steve opened the door, and Billy felt warmth flood through his veins. Steve was wearing a loose fitting black tank top, and matching shorts. They were lacy pajamas. Billy liked the lace. He liked it a little too much. He smiled at Steve, and raised his arms. Steve crashed into him, and Billy closed his arms around Steve. The hugging was a relatively new update in their relationship. To Billy, it was almost more intimate than kissing.

“I missed you, baby.” Billy said, speaking into Steve’s hair. Steve smiled, and squeezed Billy tighter. Steve had been waiting for Billy to come over for a couple hours. He had told Steve he’d be at Steve’s house by five, but it was half past seven and Steve had been worried.

“You look very pretty,” Billy whispered in Steve’s ear, and Steve blushed. Steve had been embracing his feminine side more and more, and Billy loved it. Steve’s legs were smooth, and he wore lingerie from time to time. Steve had recently been dabbling in makeup as well, but hadn’t let Billy see yet. Billy was just glad Steve had a safe place to be himself, even if it was behind closed doors.

“Thank you, and I missed you too.” Steve said, pulling Billy into the house. Billy locked the door behind him, and followed Steve into the kitchen. “Come on, I ordered dinner forever ago.”

“I’m gonna run to the bathroom,” Billy said, pecking Steve on the lips.

“I left you pajamas on my bed,” Steve called out, and Billy smiled. Steve was the cutest.

Steve went about heating the Chinese food, grabbing plates, and water bottles. He had rented movies for their date night. One was sappy, but one was scary. Billy loved the scary movies, because Steve would get scared, and crawl into his lap.

Billy made a beeline for the bedroom, and hid the bag under Steve’s bed where the rest of Steve’s toys were. Steve had seen the bag, but hadn’t questioned it. Billy brought him gifts sometimes. Grabbing the clothes Steve laid out for him, Billy went to the restroom, and peeled off his day clothes. Billy had this habit of forgetting his clothes at Steve’s house, mostly because he loved to see Steve wearing his “forgotten” clothes the next time he came over.

Steve left Billy one of his muscle shirts, and a pair of plaid pajama pants. Billy thought Steve must have washed the clothes, because they smelled fantastic. He pulled the pants up, and secured them around his waist, then pulled the shirt on. God, he loved this shirt. It made his muscles look huge. Finally, Steve always insisted he wear socks because apparently, his feet were too cold for Steve’s liking.

Billy checked himself in the mirror before leaving. He looked good, but he grabbed a hairband off out of the top drawer and put his hair up. It bothered him sometimes when it ticked his neck. Billy galloped down the steps, and slid into the kitchen. The socks were slippery. He collided with Steve, and hugged him from behind. Steve laughed.

“Get off, you goof.” Steve said, smiling. He shrugged his shoulders trying to dislodge Billy.

“No,” Billy pouted, holding on tighter. Billy kissed Steve’s neck, and eventually Steve tilted his head to the side. Billy smirked. He kept up the soft, open mouth kisses to Steve’s neck, and Steve moaned. As soon as he let out a second moan, Billy pulled away, and Steve fell back a little before catching himself.

“Hey!” Steve said, and Billy grinned.

“You told me to get off,” Billy said, grabbing his plate off the counter and walking into the living room. He could hear Steve grumbling, but still following him into the living room. Steve had set up the couch with pillows and blankets... and candles.

“Candles?” Billy said, turning to look at Steve. Steve felt himself go red, and looked away.

“They smell nice.” Steve said. “And it’s... I don’t know, it’s romantic. Sue me.” Steve said, pushing past Billy—obviously flustered—but Billy caught him around the middle.

“Candles are nice,” Billy said, giving Steve a kiss on the cheek and letting him go. He set his food on the coffee table, and took out his zippo and lit the candles.

“So, what’s first?” Billy asked, grinning when Steve dodged a kiss.

“Wait and see,” Steve said, swaying his hips while he walked to the TV to start the movie. Steve walked back, and settled between Billy’s outspread legs. His parents would throw a fit if they found out Steve allowed guests to eat on the couch, so they ate on the floor. The previews started, and Billy began to eat, feeling secure with Steve so close.